

THE CITIZEN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

More as to Dr. McGlynn.

TO THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN:

"The case of Dr. McGlynn"—says a "Roman Catholic Layman" in the current number of *The Independent*—"is by no means of rare occurrence in the Catholic Church; but such cases are concealed with a secrecy which would scarcely be credited by the general public." The italics are our own. We may add that St. Stephen's congregation are now finding out to their sorrow that they—under the State laws of New York—have neither lot nor part in the property for which they have given their money and whose possession they have supposed to be a testimony to their self-denying zeal. In Pennsylvania that excellent journal, *The American*, reminds us that old St. Mary's church out-fought the arch-bishop for twenty years on this very issue and at present—under the "separate charter system" of the State—there are several churches which have held their own and are now holding it. It appears that with Dr. McGlynn removed from the board of trustees of St. Stephen's—as he is, *ipso facto*, just now—the balance of power is in hands hostile to the congregation.

The issue is now said to be between priest and pope. And, granting as we do that the ecclesiastic should bow to his system of church government or else get out, we see no prospect for healing this difference otherwise. Dr. McGlynn is receiving and will receive the most extravagant eulogy from his friends and the most ingenious detraction from his enemies. The tone of the metropolitan press indicates that the leading journalists have been "seen and fixed"—and Mr. Henry George's agrarian opinions hang like a millstone around the good father's neck. We predict therefore that the following results may be expected:

1. Father McGlynn cannot now go to Rome with safety. One may say that men do not disappear, or are made away with as in the bad old times—but religious fanaticism is not dead and religious fanaticism is like that barbed-wire fence under water against which a flood forced a farmer, back here in the country, last week. It tore him all up. We venture to think that it is now too late for Dr. McGlynn to make peace with Rome. He would risk as much in going there as the Czar who should attend a Nihilist meeting "in mufti."

2. St. Stephen's church has lost its property, legally, and can only get back the ecclesiastical semblance of possession by making terms with Abp. Corrigan. Perhaps the Philadelphia history may help them to bring such pressure to bear as will solve the problem.

3. The crimination and recrimination into which the case is drifting will make a "very pretty little fight" before matters are straightened out.

4. It is probable that this discussion will be of permanent value to free institutions and to the development of a sentiment which will prevent similar mistakes as to the existence of a liberty which does not happen to exist!

A Grandpa by Adoption.

An old man, not ragged but clad in old and faded and time-worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air, sat down under a tree, on John R. st., the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

"Would you hurt a little girl?"

"Bless me, no!" he replied. "Why I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a worm! No, child, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she enquired as the other children crowded up.

"No, not now, child. There was a time—dear me! but it hurts my old heart to remember it—when children called me grandpa. It was years ago—years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?"

"Nino. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now."

"I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is 'most dead."

"Come right along, child! I need to mend legs and arms and necks when the children brought their dolls to me."

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by the means of a stick and a string, the child observed:

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bone."

"Old! Bless you, yes! I was eighty-one only a week or two ago. Yes, I'm poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grand children had dolls, eh?"

"Yes, dear—dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then."

"And did they comb your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask me if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder this fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice full of childish quavers, and frequently stopping, as if to swallow some of the words, she sang: "Under an elm-tree three little graves—Under the sod my children three, The years may pass, but my heart will grieve."

And sorrow will ever rest with me. Under the elm I walked to-day, I looked—

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

"Yes, child—I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs!"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."

"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am all alone."

"Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron, if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."

"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child."

"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute."

She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man, she said:

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more, and come back to-morrow. Good-by, grandpa!"

"Good-by!"

And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter, a child who stood by explained:

"Why, sir, he's crying because he's all alone in the world, and a little girl has adopted him!"—From the *Detroit Free Press*.

FILIAL DEVOTION. Miss Gilder in the *Critic* tells this story to illustrate the filial devotion of the young New York society woman: "A friend of mine, hearing that an acquaintance was very ill, called at the house to enquire after him, and was surprised to find his daughter holding a reception. He entered the drawing room with other callers, and asked the young lady if her father was better. 'Indeed' no," she replied: "Poor, dear papa is very low; we have three doctors and two nurses in constant attendance, and mamma is nearly worn out; she never leaves his room; and my brother, you know, has typhoid fever. Isn't it distressing? What do you suppose? The other evening at 6 o'clock one of papa's nurses deliberately walked off. Another had to be found that night and there was no one to do it but me, for mamma couldn't leave papa for a moment. So I put on my hat and went out and got one, as it was impossible for me to do any nursing. I had a rehearsal on hand, and I had to attend it or I couldn't act. You know I had given my word and I didn't intend that the public should be disappointed."

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